Withers Redevivus:

In a Small

New-Years-Gift,

Pro Rege & Grege:

And to His Royal Highneſs the

Prince of Orange.

Wherein is a Moſt Strange and Wonderful *PLOT*, lately found out and Diſcovered.

And Recommended to all the Impoſing Members of the Church of *England*, to be by them acted, as part of their laſt *Lent Confeſſion.*

VIZ.

To all *Roman Catholick Prieſts and Jeſuits* of *Perſecuting Principles* and *Profeſſion.*

With the Arraignment and Tryal of *Innocent* the XI*th.* Preſent Pope of *Rome.* Refuſed laſt *Lent* to be Licenſed, by reaſon of the Matter therein contained.

By *T. P.*

London, Printed in the Year, 1689.

INTRODUCTIO

Authoris Liber ad Lectorem.

BY Liberty Great Truth *will ſure Prevail,*
Not by an Engliſh *or a* Roman *Flail,*
Let her but ſpeak ſhe'll make us all ſtrike Sail,
The States *of* Holland, *how much have they got*
By this moſt Wiſe, and this true Chriſtian Plot?
In giving Liberty *as well to thoſe*
Who are Chriſt's Friends, *as them who are his Foes.*
Permitting Tares and Wheat (by them) to ſtand
Until the Harveſt, (ſo did Chriſt command)
When other States and Kingdoms round about,
In this great Point have made ſo great a Rout,
(Like rageing Mad-men who have loſt their Reaſon,
And cannot ſpeak one wiſe word in due Seaſon.
We wiſh ſome Prelates *now would Underſtand*
That ſo Chriſt's Truth may get the upper Hand)
All Impoſitions in God's Church are Vain,
Only State Tricks, A Roman Powder Trane,
To Blow up Truth, although Repent they may
When 'tis too Late, at the Great Judgment Day.
This won't then ſerve, 'twas not the Church but State
Which gave Diſſenters ſuch a broken Pate;
When they themſelves (God knows) with one Conſent,
Made Penal Laws *in* Acts *of* Parliament.

For to oppreſs them, though themſelver have got
(To their great ſhame) an Everlaſting Blot;
For by ſuch Laws, *both Church and State they have*
Before their time, ſent Thouſands to their Grave.
Nay, ſome affirm, this Cruelty alone
Brought in thoſe Bloudy Wars in Forty One:
Heav'n only knows, what now will be their Fate,
Who ſtill ſhall truſt in ſuch a Church or State.
Our Worthy Prelates *none now dares to touch,*
Becauſe Great Pillars *of the* Chriſtian Church.
God ſtill preſerve them in their preſent Station,
Who under him are Saviours *of our Nation,*
Join'd with an Orange-tree *have brought to paſs,*
To make Wiſe men no more to play the Aſs:
The Tory Men *of War are thoſe we blame,*
Which are a Blot unto the Chriſtian Name:
Theſe are the Men we challenge with our Pen,
All others are true Chriſtian Engliſh Men,
They will not hurt us, theſe Impoſers *may,*
And while the Sun doth ſhine, let us make Hay.
Theſe are the Men we now would have to Run,
Like Miſts and Fogs before the Riſing Sun.
Read now our Poſtſcript, there you may find Hope,
To ſee, e'er long, the Downfall of the Pope;
Truth hath arraign'd him, at the Court of Rome,
And in ſhort time you may expect his Doom;
Who if found Guilty by his Noble Peers,
They'll Lop him ſhorter by his Head *and* Ears. *Vale.*

The

THE
Epiſtle Dedicatory,

To all Loyal Proteſtants, and True Engliſh Men, (whether *Conformiſts* or *Nonconformiſts*) Readers.

My Worthy Friends and Country-men,

SHould you ask why we joyn you both together,
From you, it is, we muſt expect fair Weather;
True Engliſh Men are thoſe muſt do our work,
Againſt the *Pope*, the *Devil*, and the *Turk*.
(Now is the *time* for Men to ſhew themſelves,
Whether true Chriſtians, or true *Roman* Elves)
You need no Preſſing, you'll go Volanteers
Againſt all ſuch as pluck Men by the Ears
For their Religions ſake; and ſuch as theſe
We muſt convince, then we ſhall be at Eaſe,
Both in our Bodies and Eſtates likewiſe,
Who would not venture at ſo great a Prize;
Times would not bear laſt Spring our fair Intent,
To make this Publick in the time of *Lent*:

Though the Contents are plain'd upon the Square,
To all unbiaſs'd Men who *Truth* can bear,
As you muſt own moſt plainly will appear,
When you have viewed both our Front and Rear,
Some *Roman* Clergy would have been offended
At the *Poor Whigs*, had they it much commended.
The Engliſh Clergy, neither more nor leſs,
Would have been lauth their Old Sins to confeſs,
(As you will find herein they ought and muſt,
If to Diſſenters they will be but Juſt,)
As hoping ſtill to get the Upper Hand,
That then they might (as formerly) command.
So a great States-man fairly did us tell,
'Twas not then time to raiſe ſo loud a *Bell*:
Although the *Plot* he then did well approve,
Wiſh'd, from his *Soul*, all would but live in Love,
And that the *Church of England Men* would pleaſe,
So to Confeſs, and give Diſſenters Eaſe;
Then would *Old England* be a *Chriſtian State*,
And to the *Chriſtian Turk* might give check Mate.
Bid us forbear a while, 'twould then be Beſt,
When *Church* and *State* could bear ſo great a *Teſt*.
Now is the time, if we will all agree
To Center in *true Chriſtian Liberty*.
Our Gracious Prince hath lead us all the Van,
Let each of us, as a true Engliſh Man,
Gird up our Loins, and ſtand up for Truth's ſide,
Though we ſhould Row againſt the *Wind* and *Tide*,

As

As we have done for many years by paſt,
Though now have hopes we ſhall prevail at laſt,
His Royal Banners, we have lately ſeen,
Such as wont March with all their Colours Green,
Now in their Caps have ſurely got the Spleen.
Let the high Tories, if they pleaſe, wear Red,
Our hopeful Green will make them all turn Head,
Or elſe we are miſtaken in the Age,
Wherein we hope there is a good Preſage,
Fall back fall edge, unto this *Holy War*
VVe are reſolv'd, wherein to get a Scar,
By Writing, Speaking, puſhing of a Pike,
(Not Damming, Swearing, VVhoring or the like,)
Is greater Honour than a Dubbed Knight
Shall get at home, if now he will not Fight.
How will they look, when as they all muſt come
Upon their Knees, to bid Him welcome Home;
VVho was our *Valiant Captain*, and did lead
His *Souldiers* out, to bring them home to Bed.
Not *Hurdles* nor *Deal Boards*, though *plainly* ſuch
Thouſands have had, for not coming to Church,
But Beds of Doun, whereon we all ſhall Lye,
VVhen as *Great Truth* ſhall ſound the Victory:
VVere we but Muſter-maſter for one Year,
To take the Names of thoſe that ſhall appear
Under the *Royal Standard*, to *Declare*
For *Liberty*, to have an *Equal* ſhare;

And

And for their Muſter, take Six Pence a piece,
Our Coat of Armes might be the *Golden Fleece*;
And for *Defaulters Half Crowns* on the *Nail*,
Inſtead of *Buff*, we'd wear a Coat of *Mail*.
Though we do hope, although we thus do ſpeak,
There are but few, that would ſo hide and ſneak.
Then let us *All* declare, with Maſter *Pen*,
Kings over Bodies, Chriſt the *Souls* of Men;
Then will be truly *Halcion* days indeed,
VVhen for *Religion* none more here ſhall *Bleed*;
And ſince laſt *Lent* the times are chang'd ſo much,
And fearing not the *Hogan Mogan Dutch*,
VVe now have ventur'd on the *Publick Stage*,
Mens Heats to *Cool*, their *Paſſions* to aſſwage;
And when our *bluſt'ring Storms* are paſt and gone,
If Church-men will confeſs, our work is done:
VVe hope they will, and no more run Aſtray,
Our Chriſtian-Muſe hath ſhew'd *them all the Way*.
And if our downright *Form* ſhall pleaſe *them well*,
(VVe'll ſoon ring out the *Perſecuting Knell*.)
We wiſh it may, and then our Tongues ſhall Ring,
God Bleſs our Church, God Save Great James *our King*.
VVho is now rais'd, by God himſelf to Act
This Great, this Noble, and moſt Chriſtian Fact.
Though differing from that Church we do Profeſs,
So was great *Cyrus* (as we read) no Leſs.
Oh! Happy Prince, whom God doth chuſe (though Late)
To ſettle all things both in Church and State.

And

And he that will not joyn in this Decree,
Let him for ever looſe his Pedigree
By our Conſent, thouſands will vote the ſame,
Or elſe we'll Poſt them in their *Wits* but lame:
We know that you will joyn with one conſent,
To have it done in the next *Parliament.*
Truſtees for us, and for our Prince's Good,
VVhen they ſhall once be fairly underſtood;
And when our *Antichriſtian Wars* ſhall ceaſe,
Truth will proclaim an *Everlaſting Peace*
In this our Land, and all the *World* throughout,
Though to ſome States will be a *Fatal Rout.*
The *Time's* a coming, long it will not be,
Let them remember but *M D C C.*
VVhich is the Period of that time, ſome fix
Upon that *Text, ſix hundred ſixty ſix.* Rev. 13. 16.
And as we met, now let us part in love,
God Bleſs you All, with his Grace from Above.

I am,

(Gentlemen,)

Your moſt Paſſionate and moſt Affectionate Friend, to Love, Honour, and Serve you, as a *True Engliſh Man*, for *Liberty* and *Property*, according to the utmoſt of his ſlender Ability,

Theophilus Philalethes.

POSTSCRIPT.

SHould this paſs Muſter now without Controle,
And that the *Romans* will not us Cajole,
But Friendly take it, then we will be plain,
Your baſhful Poet hath an higher ſtrain
Now in his hands, and ready for the Preſs,
And to be ſhort, it is a Fair Addreſs
Unto ſuch Men, whoſe Learning and whoſe Parts,
Makes each of them to write Maſter of Arts.
Our Plot therein, and the Contents are ſuch,
To bring all *Noncons* to the *Publick Church*,
On ſuch fair *Terms*, that none ſhall them deny,
VVhich do profeſs true *Chriſtianity*.
If this won't pleaſe, ſome Dog-Stars rule the *Dice*,
We may throw *Cink*, but never ſhall throw *Sice*,
We'll tell you more when we have broke the *Ice*.
Cink is for *them*, our Chance is two times *Three*,
No other Point we have to ſet us *Free*.
Cink is for *Penal Laws*, *Sice* is for none,
When we throw *Six*, Oh! then the *Town's* our own:
We firſt would hear how this *Plot* is Reſented,
Before our Second ſhall be fairly Printed.

T

To the Impoſing Members of the Church of England, *herein concerned.*

WE may preſume, that we ſhall now be *ſhent*,
For interrupting you this time of *Lent*;
Wherein you ſpend much of your time, with ſuch
As are the Members of your *Engliſh* Church.
We muſt confeſs, we are herein to blame,
But *Truth* ſuggeſted that ſhe knew no ſhame;
And therefore bid us in our Muſe proceed,
For of ſuch Men ſhe never had more need.
Confeſſions now at Court are *Alamode*,
As well as in your Churches common Road.
At this time of the year, which things are good,
VVhen once they are but rightly underſtood;
But when reſtrained to a certain time,
As you and others of the *Roman* Line
Have ſo long us'd, one time above another,
As well the Daughter as the antient Mother;
And that it ſhould your God above ſo pleaſe
At this ſet time, and give your Conſcience eaſe,
VVe cannot apprehend, and therefore muſt
Keep cloſe to *Truth*, and to *Gods Word* be Juſt;
VVho bids us, when we ſin, then to Repent,
And not to ſtay until the time of *Lent*;
Before that time ſhould God remove us hence,
VVhere ſhould we find the true St. *Peter*'s Pence?

Should we then dare to knock at that Saints Gate
VVithout Repentance, we ſhould come too late.
But ſince *Confeſſions* are in *Vogue* ſo much,
As well in yours, as in the *Roman* Church:
If now you Church of *England* Men will *Pleaſe*,
This time of *Lent*, and give your *Conſcience Eaſe*,
To make your *Publick* and your *Free Confeſſion*,
To all thoſe Jeſuits who do make *Profeſſion*
Of the ſame Faith as is profeſs'd at *Rome*,
In this preſcribed Form which now is come
Unto your hands, although the Form be ſuch,
As will not pleaſe the *Old Right Roman* Church;
Yet we will freely give you *all Remiſſion*,
Without thoſe *Jeſuits*, or the *Pope*'s Commiſſion,
Which ſome believe may be as *firm* and *Full*,
As if proclaimed by his *Roaring Bull*.
Turn over Leaf, and there you may *Behold*
Theſe *Chriſtian Pills*, and all *Inlaid* with *Gold*;
Which if you take, will do your *Souls* more *Good*,
Than all the *Crab-Trees* in your *Churches Wood*:
And if they prove too *Gentle* and too *Kind*,
We have a ſtronger *Potion* yet behind;
Which ſome preſume, without any more to do,
Will cure the *Pope*, and Church of *England* too;
And ſo make way for a more *Chriſtian State*,
Which ſhall treat *All* without a Broken Pate,
Ho *Antichriſtos* then will have Check-Mate.

This

This *purging Pill* which is more ſtrong and ſtout,
(*Deo juvante*) next *Spring* ſhall come out;
It may be ſooner as we now ſhall find,
Unto our Muſe you ſhall be curſt or kind.
In the mean while, if what we now have ſent
Unto our Prince, and the next *Parliament*,
As a *ſmall Preſent* for the next *New Year*,
And they accept it, then we do not Fear
But *King* and *Parliament* will both agree,
To baniſh hence *All Roman Trumpery*,
And all things elſe as ſhall offenſive be
Unto *God*'s Church, and Chriſtian Liberty;
Which when effected, then our *Bells ſhall Ring*,
And all with one conſent, *aloud ſhall ſing*,
God ſave Great James *our Chriſtian Faith's Defender*,
Who to his Subjects will be *Dear* and *Tender*,
When they chop off the *Perſecution Joynt*,
And they ſpeak *French*, and all ſhall cry *Non Point*.

POSTSCRIPT.

WHen ſturdy Storms are gone and paſt,
Shall pleaſant Calms appear,
If Church-men will confeſs at laſt,
Then *Rome* we need not fear.

Nunquam ſera eſt ad Bonos mores Via.

The

The Impoſing Members of the Church of *England*, part of their *Laſt Lent Confeſſion*, as then recommended to be made by them, *viz.*

To all Roman Catholick Prieſts and Jeſuits, of Perſecuting Principles and Profeſſion.

I.

COme, let us Sing, *God Save our King*,
From all your hopeful Crew;
Could we once more, but Guard our Shore
From ſuch *Bold Prieſts* as you,
Oh! then we *will*, uſe all our *Skill*,
At once to make us Free:
Noncons we'll Court, to ſpoil your *Sport*,
Then ſurely down go *Ye*.

II.

And ſince we find, thoſe Men *Inclin'd*,
To give us all *Remiſſion*;
This time of *Lent*, before all *Spent*,
VVe'll make our fair *Confeſſion*;
And never more, as heretofore,
Run ſtraying like *loſt Sheep*,
VVhich do not know, what way to go,
Nor the right Path to keep.

III. VVe

III.

VVe will begin, with our great Sin,
VVe mean the *Penal Laws*,
'Gainſt thoſe who were, our Brethren Dear,
And for the ſelf ſame Cauſe
As we do own, and have it Shown
Of late to their Contents;
Therefore we *will*, no more ſpeak *Ill*
Of them to *Parliaments*.

IV.

Though for *puſh pins*, and ſuch ſmall things,
VVe were ſo ſtiff and ſtout,
Like young *School-boyes*, who fight for *Toies*,
And ſo we got this Rout.
If we had but, Diſſentes Put
VVith us in equal Right;
In ſpite of Fate, and all *Rome*'s Hate,
You never could us Bite.

V.

But we were *All*, both *great* and *Small*,
Reſolv'd thoſe Men to *Slur*,
And at the laſt, riding ſo Faſt,
VVe loſt our Rippon Spur,
And by that loſs, you did us Croſs,
VVhen we in full Carier,
And by our lengths, you found our ſtrengths,
And cut off all our Hair.

VI.

A Milk white Steed, true *York-ſhire* Breed,
With *Reſolution* brave,
Did lead you out, with Courage Stout,
Deſpiſed *Whigs* to ſave;
And by his *Art*, you got the Start
Of our whole Tribe of *Gad*,
Who now in *Swarms*, *pull* in their *Horns*,
And Swear we were *all Mad*.

VII.

Though to our *ſhame*, we were to *blame*,
To uſe thoſe Men ſo Groſs,
VVhen you *Prevail*, your *Roman Flail*
VVill treat them ten times worſe:
And therefore they, ſo often Pray
To be deliver'd from
Our *Engliſh Rods*, but more by Odds,
From your *Boon-fires* of *Rome*.

VIII.

An Inſtance brave, of this we have,
At our next Neighbour's *Door*,
VVe'll ask them firſt, which they *will Truſt*,
A *Jeſuit* or a *Whore*.
Their *Anſwer ſhall*, now ſerve us *All*,
Their Verdict we will take;
They ſay the firſt, if we *ſhall truſt*,
VVill make our Hearts to *Ake*.

IX. VVe

IX.

We ſay again, could we obtain
That *Power* we have loſt;
We would no more, run on that *Score*
To *poor Diſſenters Coſt.*
Since we do hear (what ſome much Fear)
That Edict from *White-hall*;
As moſt Men ſay, will make them Pay
Both Uſe and Principal.

X.

There's one of Fame, bears his own *ſhame*,
With much Regret we hear;
Becauſe his *Truſt*, re-fund he muſt
A whisking large *Arrear.*
Which neither we, nor you could ſee
Should ever come to paſs:
This was a ſtretch, above our reach,
And ſure from Heaven it was.

XI.

A Judgment Juſt, confeſs we muſt,
Is now come on our Heads;
And therefore now, a while muſt *Bowe*
To *Croſſes* and to *Beads.*
We kiſs the *Rod*, but when our *God*
Shall take off all his Birch;
Diſſenters ſhall, no more us call
A Perſecuting Church.

XII.

And we confeſs, we could you *Bleſs*,
With many happy dayes,
In this our Land, by his great Hand,
Who now the Scepter Swayes.
If this won't *Pleaſe*, to give you Eaſe,
But you muſt *Rule* Likewiſe,
We muſt Forbear, ſuch Birds to Rear,
As will pluck out your Eyes.

XIII.

And to be *Plain*, in the *laſt Reign*,
'Twas all you did Require,
But now we ſee, not Liberty,
But *Rule* is your Deſire:
If ſo, take heed, your *Royal Steed*
Do not at laſt Deceive you;
Should he once drop, all your fair Crop
Of Friends would ſurely leave you.

XIV.

Then take advice, be not too Nice,
In what you do demand,
To ſave your Bones, and all your Stones,
Is great in this our Land:
If this you crave, you may it have,
By *Magna Charta* Right;
If you ask more, your *Roman Power*,
Is ſtill working by Night.

XV.

Which we in time, muſt Countermine,
And now's the time or never;
Should we it miſs, your Rods in Piſs
Will ruine us for ever.
We value not, what you can Plot,
In our great Princes Reign;
But after here, may one appear,
And of King *Pharaoh*'s Train.

XVI.

Who did not know, nor would he ſhow,
To *Joſeph* or his Race;
What the ſame Line, before his time,
Had done with ſo much Grace;
Like to our King, who the ſame thing
Now acts with open Face,
To thoſe who were, in Bondage here,
Under our *Jehu* Race.

XVII.

Therefore we muſt, not put our Truſt,
In any Mortals Hand,
Unleſs we ſure, he could endure,
For ever to command.
But this no Man, in Reaſon can
Believe it from his Heart;
Therefore we will, uſe our beſt *Skill*,
Leaſt you ſhould get the Start.

XVIII.

And thus you ſee, how Frank and Free
We are in our *Confeſſion*;
We pray that you, the ſame will do,
You have the *King's Permiſſion*;
Who doth Declare, ſo *Juſt* and *Fair*
To all the *World*, that he
Will give to *All*, both *Great* and *Small*,
True Chriſtian Liberty.

XIX.

This act *alone*, we needs muſt *own*
Unto our Prince's Praiſe;
That by this *Plot*, himſelf hath *Got*
The Everlaſting *Baies*:
That when to *Duſt*, ſubmit he muſt
His *Crown but Tranſitory*;
His *Soul* then ſhall, in Heav'ns *White-hall*
Enjoy Eternal Glory.

XX.

And we do hope, *your future Pope*
Molino's part will take;
As once did this, ſuch *Rods* in *Piſs*
VVill make you *Jeſuits Quake.*
For ſurely this, moſt fatal is
To all *Rome*'s ſpecial Fry;
Some *Jeſuits* here, ſo much it Fear,
They *Curſe* him bitterly.

XXI. And

XXI.

And ſayes he Dotes, like Doctor *Oates*,
Though others are more kind;
VVho Swear by *Pan*, that *Holy Man*
To Virtue is Inclin'd:
Should this take *Root*, your *Cloven Foot*
A ſhort time would *Diſcover*;
And thoſe that have, been long your *Slave*,
To *Truth* will be brought over.

XXII.

VVe wiſh we may, but ſee this day.
In our Great Prince's Reign;
Should he once find, you did him Blind,
He'd blow up all your *Train*;
Then you your Flight, muſt take by Night
As ſome *Poor Creatures* do;
VVhen from ſome *hollow Tree* they flee,
And cry, *Next Oars, Hoop, Hoo.*

XXIII.

Yatchs then will be, we do Foreſee,
Moſt excellent *Bee-hives*,
To ſave your *Drones*, and precious *Stones*,
As well as all *your Lives:*
And happy Man, that then but can
Be firſt within their Sides;
Captains look out, be not too *Stout*,
Take all to ſave their *Hides.*

XXIV.

And ſo *Farewell*, we'll ring your *Knell*,
From off our *Britiſh Iſle*,
When your new *Plots*, by Prieſts and Sots,
Turn *Croſs* inſtead of *Pile*.
And may your *Shams*, and baſe *Trappans*,
To worry Innocent Sheep,
With all your *Train*, that paſs the *Main*,
Never more croſs the Deep.

XXV.

Then we will Sing, God Save our King,
From ſuch a hopefull Crew,
Who never leave, till they deceive
Both Prince and People too.
And ſince we muſt, to him be Juſt,
VVho ſaith your Prieſts are *Wiſe*;
Our *Anſwer*'s this, don't take't amiſs,
That by *Saint George* he L--s.

XXVI.

VVe know this well, and can you tell,
VVithout a *Doctor*'s Fee;
VVhatever Church, makes uſe of Birch,
Are *Fools* we plainly ſee;
To ſay no more, you have a Score
To pay as well as we;
And when our Cup, we have drank up,
Your Church may drink the Lee.

VVe do adviſe, you to be wiſe,
Confeſs as we have done,
That you no more, will play the *Whore*,
And ſo prevent your *Doom*.

A Poſtſcript *to the aforeſaid* Impoſers.

SO long as hot Spurs here ſhall rule the Roaſt,
VVe muſt expect a ſharp and biting Froſt;
Until ſuch time as *Truth* ſhall overcome,
Though not by *Trumpets* or that Beat of Drum,
VVhich calls the Sons of *Mars* unto their *Arms*,
Hers only are moſt Sweet Malodious Charms,
VVhich ſo Inflames all ſuch as do deſire,
But to approach unto her Sacred Fire;
VVhich doth ſo purge them from their *Droſs* and *Tin*,
All's fair without, and all true hearts within;
Makes them ſtout Champions in God's righteous Cauſe,
To fight againſt all *Antichriſtian* Laws:
Their *Weapons* are no Muſquets, Pike or Sword,
But Paper Pellets of *God's Written Word*,
And as *Rams Horns* long ſince did overcome,
So ſhall theſe *Bullets* ſhake the *Walls* of *Rome*.
That *Hydra* whence ſome Churches long have made,
(As ſhe them taught) a very gainful Trade;
VVhich was, in ſhort, by that accurſed Fate,
Truth to defend by knock-down Laws of State;

As

As if not able to defend her Right,
Unleſs the Powers on Earth ſhould for her Fight;
They left the *Rule*, and brought ſuch Notions in,
As made them Partners in their *Mothers Sin*;
But all muſt *Fall* (*Great Truth will them Diſcover*)
As well the *Daughters* as the antient *Mother*.
And when that Lady ſhall be out of Date,
Some Men then ſure will be aſham'd to Prate
(As they have done) at that *Tantivy* Rate,
For Laws eſtabliſh'd both in *Church* and *State*.
The laſt is ours, the firſt it is *God's Throne*,
And ſuch as grate ſo much upon that *Bone*,
Are *Rebels* more than thoſe of *Forty One*.
This we aver, and prove it will beſide,
When *Church* and *State* ſhall be on plain *Truths* ſide:
Your Church of *England* owns unto this hour,
(What ſome deny) all Magiſtrates a Power
In Matters of *Religion*; which ſome ſay
You learn'd from *Rome*, and ſo went all *Aſtray*
As you have done in many things beſide;
Ruin'd *Old England* by your ſhameful Pride.
The *Roman Church* ('tis true) have you out-done;
But you have worſhipp'd to that riſing *Sun*;
As *Thouſands* they have felt unto their *Coſt*
By *Fines* and *Priſons* (and their *Lives* have *Loſt*)
All which did come to paſs to that Degree,
For want of giving Chriſtian Liberty.

As

As you have twiſted Church and State together,
So your two Churches we can hardly ſever;
You are ſo like the one unto the other,
We know the Daughter by the antient Mother.
To us no Matter which Church now prevails,
For you have Stings (we find) in both your *Tails.*
If we muſt ſuffer for true *Conſcience Jake,*
We value not what Church our Lives do take;
All one to us, provided we muſt go,
Whether by *Romans* or *England's Old Steel Bow.*
Only the *Romans* promiſe now more Fair
Than your Church doth, which nothing is but *Air.*
What we would have, they joyn with one *Conſent,*
To have enacted by next *Parliament:*
You only ſay, that you may be ſo kind
To *Poor Diſſenters,* as you then ſhall find
A *Convocation* ſhall think fit therein;
Which is, in ſhort, *a Church of* England *Gin,*
To catch ſmall *Gudgeons,* and thereby delude
The eaſie and too Credulous Multitude
Of *Honeſt Whigs,* who hope you'll now do more
Than ever you have promis'd *heretofore;*
Though others know your *Prieſt Craft* it is ſuch
Againſt all thoſe that come not too your *Church;*
That *Parliaments* themſelves will always do,
What you, when met, ſhall then *Adviſe* them to:
So that *our Freedoms* from you firſt muſt come,
Or elſe Inſlav'd until the day of *Doom.*

This we would have you ponder in your Mind,
Then tell *poor Whigs* how far you will be kind;
They do not know what in their ſtreights to do,
Believe the *Papiſts*, or put *truſt* in *You*;
They promiſe *Liberty*, you promiſe none,
But call *Diſſenters* Men of *Forty One*:
So that unleſs that you will promiſe more,
We ſee no *Reaſon* why they ſhould come o'er
Unto *your Side*, but keep their *Station ſtill*,
To joyn with thoſe as ſhall enact their *Will*.
They are as far from *Popery* as you,
And to the *Chriſtian Church* will prove as *True*;
But when our *Engliſh Papiſts* ſhall declare,
As they have done, ſome things ſo *Juſt* and *Fair*
And we not joyn therein to have them *Acted*,
You then may tell us we are all *Diſtracted*.
We blame both *Churches* for *your ſinful Itch*
Of *Perſecution*, whereby to *Enrich*
So many *Idle Drones* as you have got
Within the *Pale* of *your foul Garden Spot*.
And by that *Goddeſs Avarice* and *Pride*,
Errors ſtick cloſe unto both *Churches ſide*:
Who would not be a *Prieſt*, when he can make
The *God* that made him in a *Wafer Cake*?
And when ſo *wrought*, and to the *Laicks ſhown*,
They all do eat his *Body*, *Fleſh* and *Bone*;
That very *Body* which *hung* on the *Tree*,
When *Crucified*, from Death to make us Free:

If

If this be true, why ſtand we in *Suſpence*?
Let's haſte to *Rome* with our St. *Peter's* Pence,
Which formerly this Land paid every Year,
As a ſmall *Homage* to that *Holy Chair*;
And for that whisking *Sum* that is behind,
And in arrear, to our *Dear Mother kind*
Let's *Proſtrate* on our Knees, and her Beſeech
For to remit, and not to whip our Britch
(For playing *Truant* ſo long from her *School*,
And drawn away by each *Reformed Fool*;
Who doubtleſs will, if unto her we Pray,
And make *Confeſſion* on St. *Peter's* Day,
And promiſe then no more to *run Aſtray*.
Shew *True Repentance* for the time to *Come*,
By our Obedience to the *Church of Rome*;
And if we ſee her ſmiling in her *Looks*,
Then promiſe fairly to *burn* all our *Books*.
This thing alone will do that *Church more Good*,
Than *Smithfield Rounds* when ſtain'd with *Chriſtian Blood*.
(If now we will but fairly all come in,
We may have *Pardon* for our greateſt Sin)
Sanguis Martyrum Mobiles do hate,
Shows unto them an *Antichriſtian State*
Who know no better, yet they plainly ſee
This cannot be the *True Chriſtianity*,
To *Burn* a Man alive for doing *Well*,
This can't proceed from Heav'n, but ſure from *Hell*.

Thanks be to *God*, our Prince is now become
A Member of *Chriſt's Church*, and not of *Rome*
In this one *Point*, which is worth all the Reſt,
And for the ſame may his *Dear Soul* have Reſt.
And after Death, may *Limbus Patrum* know,
Only a *Fiction* and a *Rare Show*;
A *Hocus Pocus Trick* of *Roman* Elves,
To Pick Mens *Pockets* to enrich themſelves.
An *Ignis Fatuus*, only to delude
The great, unthinking, eaſie *Multitude*,
Who can't diſtinguiſh between *Wrong* and *Right*,
Between their Deeds of Darkneſs and *true Light*;
By *Fiſher-men* of *Rome* 'twas firſt Invented,
And of this Net they never yet Repented:
They have no cauſe, and therefore never *Will*,
The choiceſt Piece of their rare *Art* and *Skill*.
So ſoon as made, Old Nets they threw away,
Inſtead of Fiſhing, learned how to Pray.
The *Fiſher-men* of *Barkin*, had they made
But ſuch a Net, what a *Prodigious Trade*
Had that *Town* got; nay, more we will be *Bold*,
They might, long ſince, have pav'd their *Streets* with *Gold*.
But they, *poor Souls* (*alas!*) did never ſit
In *Peter's* Chair, to learn *Succeſſive Wit*,
Which was improv'd ſo much by them who ſtood
To be *Succeſſors* of that piece of *Wood*;
A Sacred Piece, no doubt, St. *Peter's* Chair
Wherein he ſate at *Rome*, and there did wear
His *Tripple Crown*, although he ne'er came there.

A thing moſt ſtrange, yet not ſo ſtrange as *True*,
If you will ſearch among the Learned *Crew*
Of *Church Hiſtorians*; 'tis a *dubious Point*,
Enough to put the Pope's Noſe out of Joynt;
For they ſuppoſe (and this may end all Strife)
He never was at *Rome* in all his Life:
His *Miſſion* was unto the *Jewiſh Race*,
But to the *Gentiles* Paul did preach God's Grace.
But leaving this Conteſt, we'll tell you how
This Net was made, and who did Speed the Plow.
Theſe *Fiſher-men*, at their firſt ſetting out,
Caught only ſmall Fiſh, ſeldom got a *Trout*;
But in ſhort time, laying their Heads together,
They made a Net to ſerve all *Winds* and *Weather*,
And ever ſince, at every *Haul* and *Throw*
The caught *Fat Salmons* and *ſmall Gudgeons* too,
Trouts, *Tenches*, *Pikes*, and *Sharks* too of all Sizes,
Whole Shoals of *Whiteings* of all Rates and Prizes;
Crabs, *Lobſters*, *Praunes*, and *Cods-heads* without number,
'Twas hard to part each others Lot aſunder:
So many Souls ſometimes are caught, that they
Have hardly Bags to Port that Fiſh away.
And when too ſmall, they throw them back again,
Into that Element from whence they came,
Until ſuch time they are a Statute Size,
Then to their Nets they are a Legal Prize.
Hum quoth Pope *Pius*, this will do our Feat,
When we impoſe this *Pius* Fraud and Cheat;

As

As a great *Point* of the *True Chriſtian Faith*,
As now their Learned *Authors* plainly ſaith;
This is that *Limbus Patrum* they have *found*,
To purge all *Souls* which come with their *Round*:
VVho can them Blame for *building* ſuch *Free Schools*,
To catch ſome *Knaves*, and to trappan rich *Fools*:
From *Eaſt* to *Weſt*, from *North* to *Southern* Cape,
(Like Greedy *Vultures*) to commit a Rape
Upon our *Senſes* and our *Reaſons* they
VVill compaſs Sea and Land to get their Prey.
Their *Sacra Fames* to the *Golden Ore*,
Makes them love Fiſhing on the *Indian Shore*,
There is that *Goddeſs* which they ſo *Adore*.
Here we will leave them to give thoſe the *Lurch*,
VVho are ſuch *Fops* to truſt in ſuch a *Church*.
And to *Conclude* (*our Muſe*) to pleaſe you all,
She now will *Storm* the *Roman Capital*,
By an *Addreſs* unto thoſe *Prelates* there,
VVhich are the higheſt, next the *Roman Chair*.
The Cardinals of *Rome*, theſe are the Men
She will attack, now with her *Chriſtian Pen*;
And if our *Scaleing Ladders* do ſucceed,
VVe'll make his *Hoary Head* and *Heart* to *Bleed*;
And may the Heavenly *Hoaſt* inſpire our *Pen*,
That by their *Aid*, theſe great and Mighty Men
May be ſo charm'd, as to confeſs and ſay
They have all erred, and have gone *Aſtray*.
Now with this *Prologue* we will Mount the Stage
Moſt Noble Lords, ſo learned and ſo Sage,

we

VVe humbly pray that you will pleaſe to hear,
VVhat now great *Truth* ſhall whiſper in your Ear.
VVe here are come, moſt plainly you to tell,
How firſt the *Wars* betwixt you fell;
And Chriſt's *true Church* by your *Uſurping Popes*,
From whoſe great *Bondage* now there is great *Hopes*,
That other *Nations* too, as well as we,
From that *Egyptian Yoke* may be ſet Free.
And it was thus, when firſt they did *Preſume*,
Unto themſelves a *Power* to *Aſſume*
Over *Chriſts Church*, which he did never give,
Nor never will, as long as they ſhall Live.
And by that *Power*, held with *Force* and *Strife*,
Made them all *Rebels* to the *Lord* of *Life*,
Which unto you ſhall plainly now appear,
If but with Patience you will lend an Ear;
And if you will own *Scripture* and your *Reaſon*,
You'll find them guilty of *moſt Horrid Treaſon:*
Truth doth impeach them, and they all ſhall have
A *Noble Trial* moſt *Genteel* and *Brave*:
You ſhall be *Judges* both of Law and Fact,
This you muſt own to be a *Genteel Act*,
To make their Friends both *Judge* and *Jury too*,
Nothing but *Truth* would venture ſo *to do*.
Theſe mighty Prelates (*now ſuppos'd in Court*)
After this Manner we will *Storm* their *Fort*.
Firſt then they left their only *Supream Head*,
By *willful* ſtraying to an *Harlots Bed*;

And

And by their Fornication, *Wine* and *Oyle*
The Nations of the Earth they did beguile.
Then was the War Proclaim'd, and did begin
Then was revealed, the great Man of Sin,
Juſtly ſo ſtiled by his coming In.
With lying Signs and Wonders to bewitch
Moſt Churches ſince, with his moſt ſinful Itch,
And ſetting in Gods Temple, with his Cope,
There ſhews himſelf your great Lord God the *Pope*.
If this won't do, the Treaſon for to find,
We have a *Nubes Teſtium* yet behind.
And if your Foreman now ſhall take his Pen
Into his Hand, Record but now and then
Only the heads, of what they all ſhall ſwear,
Their evidence ſhall be ſtrong and clear,
That *Eilla Vera*, you will quickly find,
And how our Saviour never left behind
Such ſubſtitutes as now are at the Bar,
None of Chriſts Vicars, but Impoſtors are;
Let now your Court but call them and command
Silence a while, and you ſhall underſtand.

Enter Witneſſes.

You *Roman* Lords, whom now great truth as ſuch,
Hath made you Judges of your Head and Church,
Though from that Head you have been rais'd ſo high,
Yet on your Juſtice ſhe will now rely,
You ſeem as Men now much concern'd for thoſe
Who are your Friends and never were your Foes.

Earth-

Earth-quakes and Fires, Peſtilence and Sword,
You hear too much from all thoſe Friends abroad,
VVhich often are *Præcurſors* of ill Fate,
Sometimes to Churches, ſometimes to a State;
VVe wiſh they may but have their due Effect
Upon all thoſe which God's Laws now neglect;
The Grand Superiors, though they ſeldom meet,
Yet when they do, their *Aſpects* are not ſweet.
If this Court pleaſe to try your preſent Head,
(Pope *Innocent*) who ſtandeth in Chriſt's ſteed;
As all his Predeceſſors did before,
Find him but Guilty, let him pay their Score;
They will be puniſh'd in the *World* to come,
You may him puniſh now he's Pope of *Rome*:
(All are Vicegerents for the *Golden Fleece*,
Not for lean Rabbets, but for all Fat Geeſe.
As we have Sworn, we do declare here firſt,
That this Great Prelate hath betray'd that *Truſt*
Which he pretends unto, as will appear
To this High Court, by Evidence moſt clear.
Chriſt's Precepts were, to teach Men by his *Word*,
His Precepts are to teach Men by the *Sword*.
Chriſt's Precepts were to live an *Holy Life*,
And when Men pleas'd, might take a *Virtuous Wife*.
His Precepts are ſo Chaſte as to take none,
Like to that *Virtuous Pope* the *Lady Joan*.
Our Bleſſed Lord waſh'd his Diſciples Feet,
But this Great Lord, his Subjects they muſt Greet

His *Sacred Toes*, in that ſubmiſſive *Form*,
As if to ſtoop he did *abhor* and *Scorn*.
Chriſt's Kingdom was *to rule Mens Hearts and Souls*,
But in his Kingdom he all Men Cajoles,
Both in their Bodies and their Souls likewiſe,
To make them all to him a Legal Prize.
Nay, more (*My Lords*) he doth Depoſe at *Pleaſure*
His Neighbour Princes, to augment his *Treaſure*;
Abſolves their Subjects from that *Faith* and *Truſt*,
They ſwear to them for to fullfil his Luſt
When as he is but in a Rampant Fit
Never did *Peter* ſuch a Sin commit,
Nor never did in ſuch great Power ſit.
His Doctrine was to Fear God and the King,
But his Succeſſors they know no ſuch thing.
Chriſt's Precept was, to let the *Wheat* and *Tares*
Grow till the Harveſt, he plucks up the Ears
Of all the *Wheat* that in his *Corn* can find,
Roots all that up, but leaves the *Tares* behind.
Chriſt's Precept was to *Peter*, Feed my Sheep;
His Precepts are, to lay them faſt aſleep
By ſcorching Flames. He ſends them under ground
Till the laſt *Trump* ſhall for their Bodies ſound.
Chriſt's *Worſhip* was, in *Spirit* and in *Truth*,
His *Worſhip* is *Traſh*, *Trumpery* and *Broth*.
Chriſt never twiſted Church and State together,
But always did his Church from State ſtill Sever,

As.

As not concerned with the Civil Sword,
To force his Subjects to obey his *Word.*
(His Souldiers alwayes muſt be Volanteers,
Or elſe they are not *Wheat* but muſty *Tares.*)
But your great Prince, as great as Cup and Can,
Have twiſted them together in one Man.
Look on him now, and on his Hoary Pate,
There you may read not only Church but State.
Old *Gregory Gray-beard, Sice Ace* of that Name,
So ſoon as he unto the *Popedom* came,
By his old ſubtle and great conjuring Art,
Of Church and State he then did get the Start;
Wreſting the Power from great *Ceſar's* Hand,
So Church and State he after did command.
This *HEL-DE-BRAND*, or *Brand of Hell* by Name
The greateſt *Blot* unto the Chriſtian Name,
The greateſt Monſter and the greateſt Cheat,
That ever hap'ned to the *Roman* Seat,
Of all the *Popes* that ever rul'd before,
The neareſt *Type* of the true *Scarlet Whore*;
Nay, ſome preſume he was that Strumpet which
Saint *John* foreſaw the Nations did Bewitch;
For ever ſince by his Example ſhown,
All his Succeſſors have uſurp'd *Chriſt's Throne,*
And taught their neighbour Princes the ſame *Trade,*
Chriſt's Power in God's Church for to Invade.
Bleſſed be God that *Engliſh* Men now ſee
That our great Prince from this great Sin is Free.

Pardon (*My Lords*) this ſmall Digreſſionhere,
And we'll procceed to what we more can Swear.
Chriſt's Precepts were unto all Men to do
As they by others would be done unto;
That *Golden Rule* which he did them preſcribe
To every Nation and to every *Tribe*;
But his Precepts are of another Strain,
As *Thouſands* to their Coſt (though to his ſhame)
Do daily find, which live within his Round;
He ſpareth none, but ſends them to *Lob's Pound.*
Inſtead of giving all their Equal Right,
In doing wrong his Soul doth take Delight.
His quiet Subjects round him far and near
He Perſecutes, becauſe they quiet are;
Witneſs *MOLINOS* and his *PEN-like* Crew,
If this be Juſtice, pray (*My Lords*) Judge you,
To puniſh thoſe who are both ſtill and quiet,
Who would treat Men with that courſe ſort of Diet,
(VVhich plainly ſhews with what invet'rate Hate
That Church ſtill bears, to a true Chriſtian State.)
God's Precepts are to *Worſhip* him alone,
Through *Jeſus Chriſt* his true and only *Son.*
His Precepts are to Worſhip many more,
Thouſands of *Wafers* they for Gods adore,
Who are his Subjects by his great Command,
(*Good God* what worſhip is in all his Land.)
The *Heathen* worſhip they have quite out-done,
In their adoring of the Riſing Sun.

That

That Lamp hath Light, Heat, Motion, theirs have none,
They may as well fall to a *Stock* or *Stone*;
Yet they believe theſe *Gods* of *Bread* they ſee
Before their Eyes, to have Ubiquity.
Ten thouſand Bodies in one place at once,
And of their Faith herein they greatly *Bounce*,
This they affirm, and this they do believe,
And pin their Faith upon your Churches Sleeve,
Although repugnant to all *Senſe* and *Reaſon*,
Yet to deny it, doth amount to *Treaſon*
By *Statute Law*, as plainly did appear,
When as your Head and Church was fixed here.
His *Prayers* to all Saints is much the ſame,
Which ought to be in Chriſt's moſt *Holy Name*,
According to that *Form* he did Preſcribe
To every *Nation* and to every Tribe,
To be obſerv'd, when they Addreſſes make
To the moſt High, ſhould be for his Names ſake
Who died for us, roſe again to Save,
At the laſt Trump, Believers from the Grave.
And after that, would give Eternal Breath
To thoſe who now are Faithful until Death.
Nay, his own Subjects he deludes ſo Far
As to Believe, thoſe which but Creatures are
To be Omniſcient; Oh! this Horrid Gin
Makes him *undoubtedly* the Man of Sin;
VVho doth exhalt himſelf ſo over *All*,
VVhom all true Chriſtians the moſt High do call,

To

To pray to thoſe, their wiſeſt Men can't tell,
Whether their Souls are now in *Heaven* or *Hell*,
Is ſuch a piece of *Nonſence* and ill Fame,
To give this *Baſtard Child* a *Proper Name*,
We Language want, and therefore here muſt ceaſe
Wiſhing your Honours Everlaſting Peace.
(Although to ſpeak the *Truth*, your *Head* and *Pope*
For this alone, he doth deſerve a *Rope*.)
And now (*My Lords*) to ſum up all what's ſaid,
In this great Cauſe, wherein he hath betray'd
That only *Truſt* which he pretends unto,
We ask no Favour, only Juſtice do.
Theſe are the Crimes for which he ſtands Indicted
(*Pope Innocent*) Pray let him not be ſlighted
By your High Court, but let him Juſtice have,
Although it be to ſend him to his Grave.
We have arraign'd him, you his Cauſe have heard,
It lies on your Part, when to ſhave his Beard;
Great *Truth* doth ſtill repoſe ſuch truſt in you,
You ſhall be Grand and Petty Jury too;
Which ſurely is ſo fair, all Men will judge,
That to be try'd by you he will not grudge;
And if you find your Head, that *Scarlet Whore*,
In *Sacred Writ Reveal'd*, we'll ask no more,
As we do hope you will, then ſhall we ſing
Anthems, *Te Deum's*, to our *Lord* and *King*,
And all St. *Peter's* Bells in *Rome* ſhall Ring.

Should

Should he plead Guilty, then we beg this *Boon*,
(In *Truths* behalf) he may not die ſo ſoon
As might expected be, for ſuch a Crime,
For his Repentance, Pray let him have time;
But when his day of Execution comes,
Sound all your *Trumpets* and Beat all your *Drums*,
To call together all the *Armed Force*
You then can make, both of your *Foot* and *Horſe*,
To Guard your City Gates, and all your Streets,
Leaſt the enraged *Mobile* you meets,
To Reſcue him out of your Cities Hands,
By their unruly and their Head-ſtrong Bands;
For *Education* is ſo mighty ſtrong,
They love no Changes, whether right or wrong.
This by Experience *England* now doth find,
He that don't ſee it, ſurely is *Stone Blind.*
Were *Engliſh Boyes* now on your City Ground,
They'd make no bones to Race her to the Ground.
We are afraid, they are ſo grievous Rude,
We cannot ſtop the preſent Multitude,
Againſt all thoſe whom now they ſo much Hate,
Though in their Rage meet many a broken Pate.
Heav'ns ſo protect us from their *Furious Heat*,
They do not make both *Prince* and *People* Sweat.
And ſo *(My Lords)* we'll take our fair *Adieu*,
The *Iſſues* here, are ſolely left to you:
Our *Proofs* are plain, you cannot them withſtand,
Ask your own *Conſcience*, that will you command;

This

This Light within, which is on great *Truth's* ſide,
Will you Impeach, and all the *World* beſide:
Conſider then, how you are acted now,
Heav'ns you direct, and ſo *God ſpeed the Plow.*
Though *Innocent* and *Guilty* we may Swear,
So oppoſite as *Truth* and *Falſhood* are:
For to be *Innocent* and *Guilty too,*
A thing moſt ſtrange, yet not ſo ſtrange as true;
And ſhews to all who are not in a Heat,
All *Innocent Popes* are but a Sacred Cheat;
And tho' with *Lambs Horns* to the *World* appear,
Yet *Wolves* and *Tygers* to *Chriſt's Flock* they are.
Monſtrum Horrendum we may truly ſay,
To all ſuch *Popes* who have ſo gone *Aſtray*;
Yet by Experience we do daily find
Some Men among us of the ſelf-ſame mind,
Who are a Limb of the right *Scarlet Whore,*
So long as Penal Statutes they *Adore.*
Good Lord forgive them if it be thy *Will,*
If not, *Confound* them in their *Craft* and *Skill,*
That ſo *Chriſt's Church* may more and more Increaſe,
And *Truth* proclaim an Everlaſting Peace.
Heav'ns ſay *Amen* to what we do deſire,
And ſave us all *From Everlaſting Fire.*

Epilogus

Epilogus aut Concluſio.

WHat though the Church of England *is ſo high?*
What though the Kirk of Scotland *is laid bye?*
Though the ſame time ſhe is a Crafty Spy.
What though the Church of Rome *plays, Have at All?*
What though Diſſenters cry, No Church at all?
Were better much, than to have ſuch a Church,
As leaves all others but themſelves i'th' Lurch.
What though, laſt Spring, two Churches lay at Stake?
And neither would a ſaving Bargain Make:
One Church did hope to get the Upper Hand,
The other ſtill would have the ſole Command:
One Church, by chance, did get the Weather Gage,
Then ſmoke of Gun-ſhot made the other Rage:
One would not ſtoop, the other would not yield,
And by conſent they both did take the Field.
They both were ſullen, and were both ſo High,
And neither would with our fair Muſe comply
To give her Licenſe, though if then they had,
For ought they know, times had not been ſo bad
With ſome of them, yet ſtill we hope to ſee
All things to end in Perfect Amity.
No Warlike Drums within our Streets ſhall hear,
But all our Churches Orange *Flowers bear;*
All Antichriſtian Laws ſhall be abhor'd,
And all with Meekneſs ſerve the Higheſt Lord.

A Copy *of* VERSES *long ſince made, but very Proper at this preſent Conjuncture to be Peruſed by ſome ſtraight-laced Men, now of our* Engliſh *Nation,* Viz.

I.

OPinion Rules the Humane State,
And Domineers in every Land;
Shall Sea or Mountain Separate
Whom God hath joyn'd in Nature's Band.
Dwell they far, or dwell they near,
They're all my Father's Children Dear.

II.

Lend me the bright Wings of the Morn,
That I from hence may take my Flight,
From *Cancer* unto *Capricorn*,
Far ſwifter than the Lamp of Night.
Where e'er my winged Soul doth fly,
All's Fair and Lovely in mine Eye.

III.

Features and Colours of the Hair,
Theſe all do meet in Harmony;
The Black, the Brown, the Red, the Fair,
All Tinctures of Variety.
In ſingle ſimple Love alone,
Theſe Various Colours are but one.

IV. I'th'

IV.

I'th' Flegmatick I Sweetneſs find,
The Melancholly Grave and VViſe;
The Sanguine Merry to my Mind,
From Choler Flames of Love ariſe.
In ſingle ſimple Love alone,
All theſe Complexions are but one.

V.

The Nightingal doth never ſay
(Though he be King of Melody)
Unto the Cuckow or the Jay,
VVhy ſing you not ſo ſweet as I.
Each tunes his Harp in Love alone,
Theſe Various Notes are all but one.

VI.

Behold the painful lab'ring Hand,
And he that keeps the harmleſs Sheep;
The Country Swain that Tills the Land,
The Merchant that doth Plough the Deep,
Each doth his Work in Love alone,
One Works for all, and all for one.

VII.

I Love with all my Heart and Soul,
The *French*, the *Dutch*, the *Engliſh* Man,
The *Turk*, the *Swede*, the *Dane*, the *Pole*,
The *Spaniard*, and the *African*.
In this I ſee, in Love alone,
All Nations reconcil'd are one.

VIII. VVith

VIII.

VVith open Arms, let me imbrace
The *Heathen*, *Chriſtian*, *Turk* or *Jew*,
The Lovely and Deformed Face,
The Sober and the Jovial Crew.
In ſingle ſimple Love alone,
All Forms and Features are but one.

IX.

The Proteſtant is all my Joy,
The Baptiſt and the Monarchy;
The Puritan (though he be Coy)
The Papiſt full of Charity.
In ſingle ſimple Love alone,
All theſe Perſwaſions are but one.

X.

Then Sail I with my Love as far
As *China* and the *Indian* Shore;
From the Artick to the Antartick Star,
The Tawney and the Blackamore.
From thence I Travel round about,
To Countries never yet found out.

XI.

My Heart of Love is very Sick,
All Nations in the VVorld I woo;
My Soul is turning Catholick,
And ſo is my Religion too.
The Deity in all doth move,
So Univerſal is my Love.

F I N I S.

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